

MACABRE TALES TO BLOW YOUR MIND!

PSYCHO

47357
NO 6
MAY
1972
60¢

A SKYHAWK PUBLICATION

THE VICIOUS
VICTIM OF
THE
VOW

THE
MIDNIGHT
SLASHER

THE
SEVENTH
VOYAGE
OF
SINBAD

A PHOTO
PHENOMENON



Frankenstein
and the
PHANTOM
OF THE
OPERA

SAND
CASTLE

THE
HEAP
TURNS
HUMAN

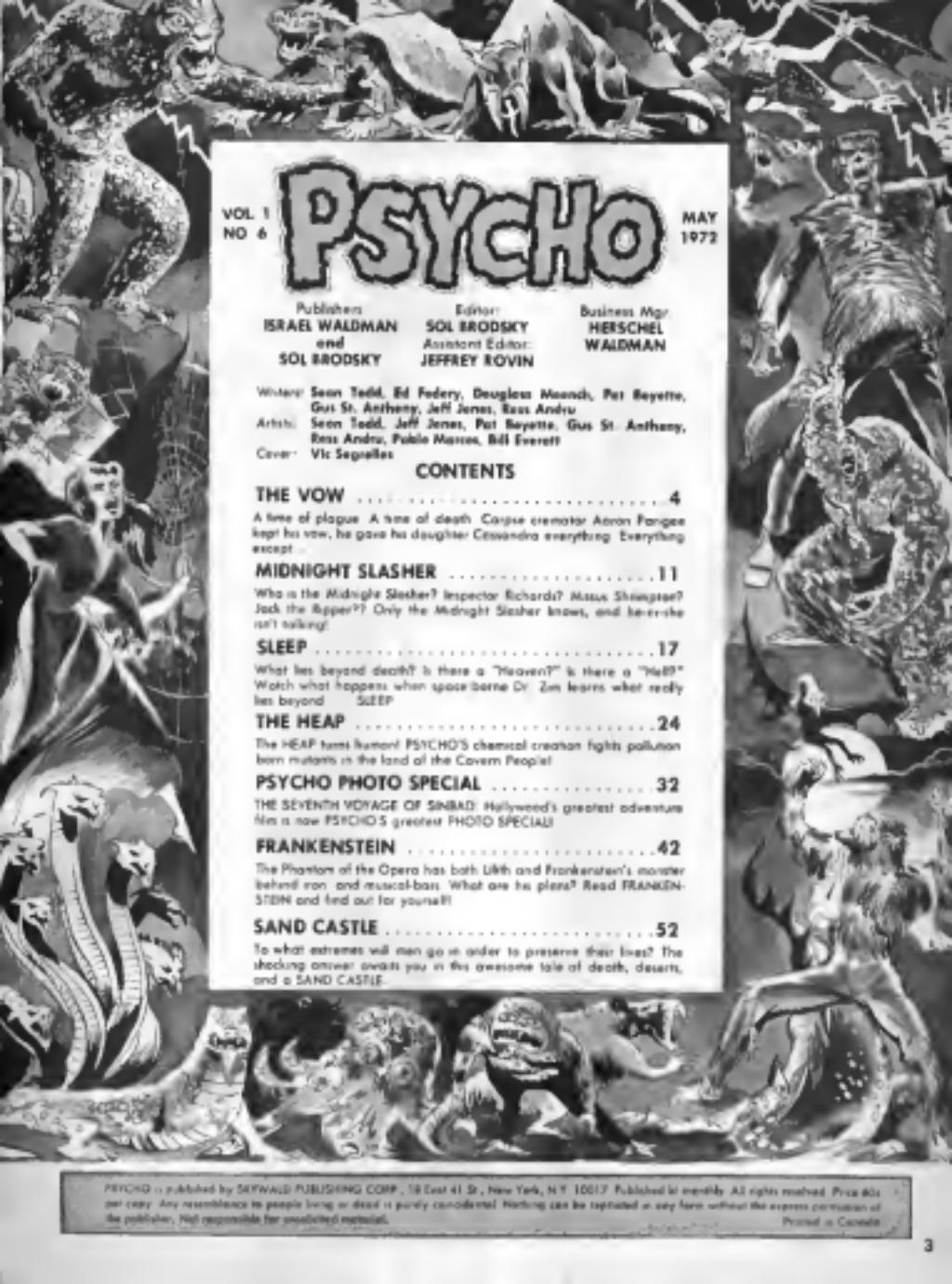
PSYCHO'S SUPERNATURAL SERIES

ABRASAX



ABRASAX is a chimera from whose name is derived the sorcerer's word ABRACADABRA. He is represented as having the head of a cock and the feet of a dragon: he carries around with him a whip. Students of witchcraft and mythology have pictured him as a demon with the head of a king and with serpents for legs. To the Egyptian Basilides, ABRASAX was the supreme god. Because the sum of the seven Greek letters contained in his name was 365—the number of days in the year—these second-century heretics gave him control of several spirits who presided over the three hundred and sixty-five virtues, one for each and every day.

PAUL MARCUS



VOL. 1
NO. 6

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TONIGHT - AARON PAIRSEE
WOULD NOT DREAM HIS CURSE
OF THE DAMNED! HE WOULD
NOT STAND AT THE MOUTH OF A
HELL, PEOPLED WITH VILE,
RANCID, LOATHSOME THINGS
SPAWNED IN THE DARK RILLS
OF A TORMENTED MEMORY!!

NO... NOT TONIGHT...
FOR THIS DAY HE HAD
KEPT...

THE YOW!

BUT, EVEN IN THE MOMENT OF
TRIUMPH, AARON'S TORTURED
BODY TREMBLED FROM A
FAMILIAR, CHILLING SPASM THAT
SEEDED TO ERUPT FROM THE
ICY PULP OF HIS OWN MARROW
AND HIS THOUGHTS RACED
BACK TO THAT DAY SO LONG AGO
WHEN HIS WIFE LAY DYING... A
VICTIM OF THE PLAGUE....

YES... 'MANY TO ATTEND'...
FOR THE HOMES, THE
STREETS - PERHAPS THE
WHOLE WORLD WAS BEING
SMOTHERED BY THE SWEET
STENCH OF DEATH!

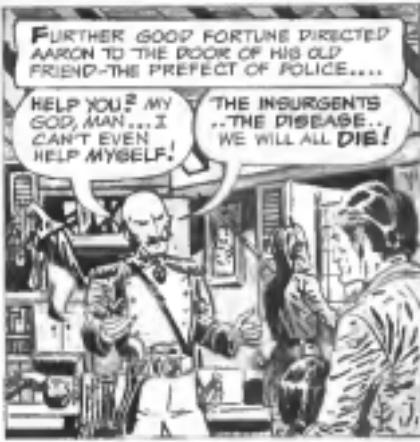
AND THERE WAS ALSO
THE LIVING DEAD WHO
PERILED THE NIGHTS WITH
THEIR PUTRID BODIES, THEIR
ANGRY OATHS, AND THEIR
VENGEFUL FIRES!

BURN

KILL

BURN





THROUGH THE NIGHTS
OF TERROR, AARON
PARIGEEN'S LEGION
ROAMED WITH
IMMUNITY TO DISEASE
AND REVOLUTION...
COLLECTING THE HUMAN
REFUSE THAT LITTERED
THE STREETS AND
DOORWAYS...



AARON SET ABOUT HIS WORK WITH A FURY THAT MADE HIM
OBVIOUS TO HIS SURROUNDINGS—EVEN TO THE WIDE LITTLE
EYES—TRANSFIXED ON THE MORBID ACTIVITY...



HIS LITTLE DAUGHTER
CASSANDRA WAS AARON'S
ONLY JOY... AND HER
WARMTH SEEMED TO
BOTTER THE DEEP
TRENCHES OF STRAIN
THAT SLASHED HIS
FACE...



IN THE YEARS THAT FOLLOWED
... THERE WAS NEVER A SHORTAGE
OF CLIENTS... THE PLAGUE WAS
REPLACED BY THE GUILLOTINE!
A JADED AARON PARSEE NO
LONGER RETCHED AT THE ODOR
OF HIS NECROPOLIS; THE LOOK
OF THE DEAD WAS SO COMMON-
PLACE THAT HE CEASED TO
SEE IT...

HOWEVER, THE HORRORS OF HIS WORLD
WERE NONE-THE-LESS REAL, AND A
SINGLE EXPERIENCE SERVED TO JOLT
HIS AWARENESS...

CASSANDRA!
CASSANDRA,
WHERE ARE
YOU GIRL?

I'M UP
HERE
FATHER!

...AND WHAT
ARE YOU DOING
IN THE ATTIC?

...I'M
VISITING
WITH MY
FRIEND!

FRIEND? YOU
HAVE NO...

...FRIEND!

THIS IS
MAMI!

NAUSEA AND GUILT STABBED AT AARON'S SOUL AS HE RETREATED FROM THE REPULSIVE SCENE...

I'VE FAILED MY DAUGHTER IN A MOST HORRIBLE WAY... I VOWED TO BRING HER HAPPINESS... BUT... BUT... I'VE GOT TO MAKE IT UP TO HER!

IN DESPERATION, AARON SHOWERED CASSANDRA WITH GIFTS, BUT LIKE MOST FATHERS, HE FAILED TO NOTICE THAT SHE COULD NO LONGER BE INTERESTED IN CHILDISH BAUBLES... FOR RECENTLY THERE WAS A DIFFERENT LIGHT IN HER EYES...

LISTEN... A MUSIC BOX!

YES... THANK YOU!

THEN... ONE NIGHT, QUITE BY ACCIDENT, HE GLIMPSED A FAMILIAR FIGURE AS IT SWEEP ACROSS THE COURTYARD!

CASSANDRA... WHERE...



AND SO AARON RECEIVED STILL ANOTHER SURPRISE... HIS BRAIN EXPLODED... HIS SENSES RELENT...

... BUT NOW HE COULD ACT IN A MOST POSITIVE WAY AGAINST THIS NEW MENACE TO HIS DAUGHTER!

ENOUGH... YOU MINCING DANDY!

IF YOU TOUCH MY CHILD AGAIN... I'LL FEED YOU TO MY FIRES! I KNOW YOUR FACE... I KNOW WHERE TO FIND YOU...



CASSANDRA LAPSED INTO DEEP DESPAIR... AND IN SORROW SHE BEGAN TO WASTE AWAY...

IM SORRY, AARON
.. SHE'S LOST HER
WILL TO LIVE!
PERHAPS IT'S THIS
DISMAL PLACE...

NO...
PHYSICIAN!
IT IS SOMETHING I
HAVE DONE!



SO... IT WAS NO ACCIDENT THAT AN UNSIGNED LETTER APPEARED IN THE EMPEROR'S QUARTERS...



NOW.. WE COME TO THIS NIGHT
AND AARON PARIGEE'S COMFORT
IN HAVING BROUGHT JOY TO HIS
DAUGHTER'S ACHING HEART...



CASSANDRA.. YOU MUST
UNDERSTAND... THAT MAN
CANNOT BE A 'RIGHT LOVE'
FOR YOU. I KNOW HIM TO
BE ANDRE BRIGANCE...
AND HE IS A RUMORED
PARAMOUR OF THE EMPRESS
.. AND IF THE EMPEROR
KNEW OF THAT SHABBY
LITTLE AFFAIR... HE'D...



THOSE IN AUTHORITY SAID
THE NOTE OF INPICTIMENT
THREW THE EMPEROR
INTO A FROTHING RAGE...



I AM HIS TRUE LOVE!
I WANT HIM WITH ME!
IF IT CANNOT BE...
THEN I SHALL DIE!



.. AND ALTHOUGH BRIGANCE MAY
HAVE BEEN A GREAT LOVER... HE
WAS A PITIFULLY POOR LIAR...



NO.. NO I
HAVE NOT
KNOWN THE
EMPEROR...
NO!

THE COMPETENT UNION OF A SCARLET LETTER, CUPID, AND LA
BELLE GUILLOTINE HAD DELIVERED THE GROOM... AND EVEN
NOW A LOVING CASSANDRA IS BUSY...



...SEWING HIS
HEAD BACK ON!

HAVE YOU HEARD ABOUT
THE MIDNIGHT SLASHER?

HE'S TALL, HE'S GAUNT AND
RECKLESS. HE'S DRASTIC,
CRUEL, AND SENSELESS...



THE MIDNIGHT SLASHER

HAVE YOU NEVER
HEARD ABOUT THE MIDNIGHT
SLASHER? HE'S THE ONE
WHO LURKS ON THE
THRESHOLD OF FEAR...

THE SLASHER'S
WORK, INSPECTOR
RICHARDSON, AND IT
HAPPENED AT
MIDNIGHT! JUST
LIKE THE OTHERS!

HE SEEKS
TO SELECT
HIS VICTIMS AT
RANDOM!

...SETTLES
FOR WHOEVER'S
AROUND AT
MIDNIGHT!

"DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THE MIDNIGHT SLASHER?
HE'S THE ONE ON EVERYONE'S TONGUE..."

IT'S JUST BLOODY 'ORRABLE,
MISS WATTE! THE
SLASHER DID IN
ANOTHER ONE LAST
NIGHT, AND WHAT
ARE THE POLICE
DOIN' ABOUT 'IM?
NOTHIN' THEY
AIN'T!"

YOU WORRY
TOO MUCH, MISTER
SHRIMPION! THE POLICE
WILL CATCH HIM
SOON ENOUGH!"

THE POLICE!
HAWH--THEY NEVER
CAUGHT SLY JACK,
DID THEY? THE
RIPPER MADE FOOLS
OF THEM--JUST
LIKE THE SLASHER'S
DOIN'!"

PLEASE,
I'VE NO
TIME FOR
MYSTERICAL
TALK.
LEAVE ME
ALONE!"

HAVE YOU EVER SENSED
THE MIDNIGHT SLASHER?
HE'S THE ONE WHO CREEPS
OUTSIDE YOUR WALLS...

DOOR DONG DONG

HE'LL SMASH
YOUR WINDOWS
AS
SMOTHER YOUR CRIES...

BRA KASH
CHINKLE
DONG DONG

NO, GOD,
H-NO...THE
S-SLASHER!
NO, NO...

AARIEEE!
DONG DONG DONG

DONG DONG DONG

SO YOU LEFT JUST BEFORE MIDNIGHT, AND HEARD MISS WATTS SCREAMING...?

I RAN BACK TO SEE WHAT IT WAS ALL ABOUT! POOR MISS WATTS! WHAT ARE YOU POLICE GOIN' TO DO ABOUT IT?

FIRST OF ALL, WE'RE GOING TO BE COGNIZANT OF ALL THE FACTS. LEST WE UNDERTAKE SPECIOUS INTERPOLATIONS STEEPED IN SOPHISTRY OR INSIGNIFICANT ABSURDITY!

ACH, FANCY WORDS WOULDN'T BRING YE ANY CLOSER TO THE SHER/

NEVERTHELESS, I THINK IT ADVANTAGEOUS TO PURSUE MY LINE OF INTERROGATION. NOW, THE SLASHER ENTERED THE BEDROOM THROUGH THE WINDOW...

HOW DID YOU KNOW HE CAME THROUGH THE WINDOW? YOU HAVEN'T BEEN TO THE SCENE OF THE MURDER...

...WELL, ERR... I'VE STUDIED THE REPORTS MY MEN HAVE DELIVERED!

REPORTS! BAH! IF YOU DON'T DO SOMETHING ABOUT THE SLASHER, I WILL! GOOD DAY INSPECTOR!

DID YOU HEAR ABOUT THE MIDNIGHT SLASHER? HE'S THE ONE WHO'LL LEAVE HIS FOOTPRINTS ON YOUR SOUL.

THE BELLS!

MIDNIGHT- WHEN MY FATHER DIED HERE, UNDER THE WHEELS OF A CARRIAGE, UNDER THE SOUND OF THE MADDENING BELLS--!

HE'S THE ONE POSSESSED OF INEFFABLE
SUFFERING AND RECIPROCAL BLOOD-LUST.

DONG DONG DONG

THE BELLS!
WHY SHOULD
ANYONE
LIVE AFTER
DADDY HAS
DIED?

HE'S THE ONE WHO DARTS
FROM THE NIGHT IN A
SWIRL OF GLEAMING
CONFUSION...

DONG DONG

WHO...?

AAAAWEEEK!!!

DONG

CHUK
CHOOK

TH

...AND HE'S THE ONE WHO MELTS QUICKLY INTO
FOG-SHROUDED GLOOM...

I WAS HERE
BEFORE THE LAST
BELL PEAL HAD DIED
AND STILL THERE
WAS NO TRACE
OF HIM!

REGGIN YOUR
PARDON, INSPECTOR.
HOW DO YOU ALWAYS
MANAGE TO ARRIVE
ON THE MURDER
SCENE SO
QUICKLY?

IF YOU'RE
HARBORING ANY
SUSPICIONS FOR MY
PUNCTILIOS, OUT WITH
THEM, OFFICER.
WYMAN!

OH NO, SIR. I
WAS JUST WONDERIN'...
PAPERS HAVE BEEN
HINTIN' THAT OUR
SLASHER MIGHT BE OLD
JACK COME BACK FOR
A SECOND HELPIN'...

NO, SIR.
MURDEROUS MISCREANT
IS DECIDEDLY MORE
BRUTAL THAN JACK EVER
WAS--THERE'S NO KNOWLEDGE
OF ANATOMY IN EVIDENCE
HERE, AND THE SLASHER
DON'T USE A SCALPEL--
HE SETTLES FOR A
COMMON KITCHEN KNIFE!

I GUESS YOU'RE
RIGHT, INSPECTOR. JACK
WAS RATHER CHOOSY ABOUT
HIS VICTIMS--THE SLASHER
DON'T SEEM TO CARE
WHO HE DOES IN--AS
LONG AS IT HAPPENS
AT MIDNIGHT!



AND I THOUGHT YOU WERE THE SLASHER, TOO, MISSUS SHRIMPTON! WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT AT THIS TIME? IT'S ALMOST MIDNIGHT!

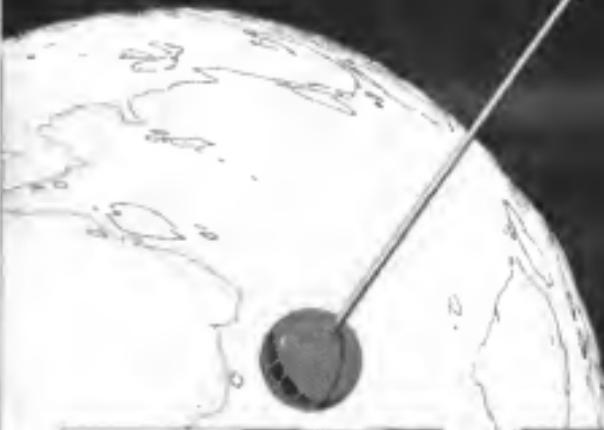




THE
End

THIS IS 1981. HIGH ABOVE PLANET EARTH WHIRLS THE UNIQUE ORBITING LABORATORY OF THE MAN KNOWN AS DOCTOR ZIM. WITHIN, A MOST DARING EXPERIMENT. IT'S OBJECT: TO LEARN WHAT LIES BEHIND DEATH. IT BEGINS, NOW, WITH THE SOLITARY COMMAND...

SLEEP



THE DEEP HYPNOTIC VOICE OF DR. ZIM CONTINUES...



DO NOT BE NERVOUS. RELAX. PAY CLOSE ATTENTION TO ALL I SAY...



YOU WILL BE ABLE TO HEAR ME AND TO TALK TO ME AFTER YOU GO TO SLEEP...



SUDDENLY-- ALMOST FITTINGLY--
THE DEMONIC SCIENTIST'S THOUGHTS
ARE INTERRUPTED BY A POWERFUL
JAR TO THE SPACELAB.

BAAM!

THOSE DARN
OBSCURE
SATELLITES--/
THE SPACE AGENCY
HAS GOT TO
CLEAN THESE
POLLUTED SKIES!

BUT I CAN'T HAVE SUCH
PETTY CONCERN'S INTERFERE
WITH MY EXPERIMENT.

LISTEN TO ME,
ROBINSON! I WILL
NOW COUNT TO
FIVE! BY THEN,
YOU WILL BE IN
A VERY DEEP
SLEEP. ONE...
TWO... THREE...
FOUR... FIVE!

DEER...
SLEEP...

IT IS NOW FOUR O'CLOCK.
I HAVE PLACED A LARGE
TICKTOCK BEFORE YOU.
WITH EACH TICK, ANOTHER
MINUTE WILL PASS, THUS,
WHEN SIXTY TICKS HAVE
BOUNDED, YOU WILL BE
ONE HOUR INTO THE
FUTURE.

TICK ... TICK ... TICK...

AND PRECISELY SIXTY
SECONDS LATER...

WHAT TIME
IS IT?

F-FIVE...
FIVE O'CLOCK.

EXCELLENT!
EXCELLENT!
IN HIS CONDITION,
HE'D UNQUESTIONABLY
BE DEAD BY FIVE
O'CLOCK! -- I'M
TALKING TO A
DEAD MAN!!
HOW ONLY ONE
QUESTION
REMAINS:
WHERE IS HE
IN HEAVEN'S
HELL? P. A.
LIMBO-LAND?

SO IT WAS THAT DR. ZIM'S VOICE WAS FRAUGHT WITH ANTICIPATION AS HE ASKED:



IN ONE HORRIBLE SECOND
DR. ZIM UNDERSTOOD HIS
FATE...



THE COLLISION!
IT THREW US OUT
OF OUR ORBIT!
WE'VE BEEN
DROPPING INTO
THE SUN!

IT'S-- NOT VERY
NOT. I-- I'M
SUFFOCATING IN
THIS HEAT. IT'S
LIKE, IT'S LIKE...

THE
END

PSYCHO DELIVERY

I must say that I am pleasantly surprised to see "Out of Chaos" in PSYCHO. I have been reading horror comics for six years now, over the years I have noticed the plots in most stories becoming more and more trite. Usually I'd look at the first page of a comic and say to myself, "yeah, it's another one of those stories and it probably ends the same way as all the others." So what's so good about "Out of Chaos"? Quite a few things.

First of all, it is the first time that Satan (my favorite hero) has been used to his fullest potential in any comic magazine. Usually, stories concerning Him are rehashes of the soul swapping schlock. The power and magnitude of this story is as great as that of its source, Milton's *Paradise Lost*. Author Merv Wolfman showed keen understanding of that masterpiece, not only in his knowing the names of the lesser Fallen Angels (any of them personal acquaintances, Men?) but in his portrayal of Satan. The author also showed great imagination in coming up with the Procreators of the Universe. A most interesting group. I also like the idea of flinging Satan's powers, i.e., as Satan, cannot stand omnipotent beings. "Better to reign in Hell than to serve in Heaven."

As for the other stories, they were all fair to middling.

John Cost

San Carlos, Calif.



Seen as a whole, PSYCHO #4 was one notch above most other magazines of its type on the stands. Bruce Jones proved again that he is both an excellent artist and author. Sean Todd is also very good and will surely improve with age. His dialogue is overly melodramatic in places, but the detail of his artwork more than made up for this scriptural flaw. Fujitake's story was pretty good, although I've seen better work from Dennis. David Cook and Greg Morris were above average. As for the Heep, that character suffers from weak plot and poor storytelling. The over-used man - time-monster - seeks - help - of - scientist - friend - with - lovely - daughter, etc. was okay for a chuckle but that "House of Frankenstein" ending was a bit much.

"Out of Chaos" was in direct contrast to the Heep. Here we are presented with a fairly original idea, a good solid plotline, and interesting characterization. That Rich Buckler art was worth the price of the magazine! Further plaudits will have to wait until I read the conclusion.

Rod Freaser

No Address Given

Rod, John, most of our readers like the Heep! And though Jim Roberts will soon face a frightening new challenge in his career as the Heep, it must be remembered (regarding art and plot) that our semi-human friend has appeared in a mere four issues of PSYCHO. We feel that the Heep, a product of men's haphazard technology, is an exciting means of looking objectively at humanity. For he, in his day to day existence, can find very little benevolence in the minds and hearts of men. This is the characterization we hope more successfully to present; all we need is time. Thanks for your comments.

PSYCHO #4 was a pretty good issue. Kelly's cover was well done, but "Comes the Steking Monstar" just didn't seem like a lead story. "The Inhuman Apperton" was interesting. I'd have liked to read more on it. The new Heep story was superb! Amazing how Andru has progressed from artist to writer/artist. Esposito's work is always good when he and Andru are teamed up. "Out of Chaos" was very good, but don't overlook the number of contained stories per issue. "Museum Piece" was interesting. "Comes the Steking Monstar" was okay.

"Behind the Planet of the Apes" was a good feature. I hope your upcoming articles contain more lead. (How did you like the test of this issue's behind the scenes article, Dave? Ed.)

And now to the year's worst continuing terror series—Sean Todd's "Frankenstein." Funny that your letter page has only praise for this stinko. Mary Shelley is probably turning in her grave. The only consistent thing about this strip is its inconsistency to the book, the movie, and even the previous chapter. The monster is not strong enough to throw off the rubble of Castle Frankenstein he was never

that powerful in the book or movie. Todd must've been watching "The Munsters" again. Eggo, who was a bed character to begin with, has undergone a complete change in appearance and speech now he resembles a shaved gopher. Drop this series before it kills you.

Turning to the letters page, there are a few disappointments. Readers want a narrator for your stories. No! These tongue-in-cheek characters kill the atmosphere. And people are screaming for more vampires and werewolves. Can your writers approach these with a fresh outlook, or will we be treated to the same old hackneyed plots? Well? Until tomorrow midnight.

Dave Bileman
Norton, Ohio

As for Werewolves and Vampires, yes, our writers are working on new approaches to the demons. But as for "hackneyed" plots, it's not always the plot that makes or breaks a story. More often than not, how a story is told and illustrated makes that particular tale to succeed or fail. Frankenstein (Mary Shelley's novel) has not, necessarily, one of the most original plots. Even in 1818 (Frankenstein's publication) there had been precedent for this type of horror tale. No, what makes Frankenstein a masterpiece is its telling... something that leads to the other point of your letter, Sean Todd's Frankenstein. Our Interpretation, a product of both the film and novel Frankenstein, was not meant to be compared with the Shelley masterpiece. The novel was subtle, for it had the time and space in which it could afford to tread lightly, subtly, taking its time. We, in a six or ten page story, must make our point(s) direct or they will be lost. Further, the comic book Frankenstein must appeal to a wide majority of young readers: thus the need for Eggo, lightning, spectacles, etc. So subtlety, while a creatively rewarding means of communication, is, in this case, an inappropriate means of storytelling.

(Incidentally, check the test in this issue. Behind the Scenes Photo-Special.)

"Behind the Planet of the Apes" (PSYCHO #4) was great. Have you any more film articles in the works?

Ben H. Taylor

Hartford, Connecticut

Ben, and rest of you cine-monster fans, least your eyes on the Rovin/Asherman "Jin Voyage of Shiva" feature in this issue. And there's more to come, so stick with us!

Needless to say, you have captured the heart of the film fan. Your feature "Behind the Planet of the Apes" in PSYCHO #4 was superb! It showed me a glimpse of Rovin I'd never before seen. Please keep these behind the scenes features coming!

The magazine as a whole is more interesting and mature than those of your competitors. I especially like the Heep. I remember seeing a monster like the Heep in a film once, but the movie's monster appeared for a mere ten minutes at the picture's conclu-

sion. Thus, sympathy for the film monster was not built up as it is for your Heap. After I read the story I felt as if I knew what it would be like to be a hideous monster. All other stories were good, especially Fujibee's "Escape." That was some tale.

Skywald's efforts are entertaining and sincere, so consider me hooked for life.

Bill Pugmire

Seattle, Washington
Thanks Bill, you're considered.



I have just finished reading PSYCHO #4 and I loved it! The artwork was fantastic. The stories, especially "Out of Chaos," "The Heap," and "Plague of Jewels" were just too much. The front cover was great! Ken Kelly should get an award for this picture.

I have already sent for the back issues and I advise all other PSYCHO-holics to do likewise. As long as people find the time to read, they will be buying PSYCHO.

John Herstetter
Liverpool, Pa.

Fans take note: there is a back issue page elsewhere in this magazine.

Wow! I just read issue #4 of PSYCHO. I used to thumb through other magazines, but PSYCHO is the only one that puts me on the edge of my seat. The Heap and Frankenstein, all I can say is keep them coming.

I have recently come across a comic book with the title "The Heap" from Skywald comics. The color comic starts the same as did the Heap serial in PSYCHO, but the monster looks different.

Is there any relation between this Heap and the PSYCHO Heap? Long live the Heap!

Sam Fields
Media, Pa.

Sam, any way you look at it, a "Heap" is a "Heap."

THE

PSYCHO-ANALYST

By JEFFREY ROVIN



Those of you familiar with Skywald Magazines know it our policy to present ideas that are novel, artful, alive, and a format always fresh and entertaining. Now, in order to better maintain this high standard of quality, editor Sol Brodsky has created THE PSYCHO-ANALYST, a department seeking to involve you, the reader, with our magazines in a fashion unique to the field of illustrated fiction.

Essentially, this page is a means for Psycho fans to ask questions of the artists and writers who work for our publications. Want to know from where Skywald authors get their ideas? Or perhaps you wish to learn just what your favorite artist thinks of his own work? Well then, faithful reader, all you need do is send your query to PSYCHO-ANALYST, 16 E. 41 St. Rm. 1501, New York, N.Y. 10017 from where I, your anxious servant, will find it an answer. It's as simple as that!

Instead of interviewing an artist or writer for this issue's Psycho-Analyst, I would like to answer a letter sent by one of our readers. This missive states in part:

"I think there should be more sex in your magazine. See if you can get some of the underground artists to do a story or two for you. Leave the eunuch comics to Walt Disney."

All right. First of all, here in New York it is easy to get a fair sampling of most of the so-called "underground comics." With very few exceptions, they are trash filled as reading matter for adults only, underground comics, behind a facade of "telling it like it is," are nothing more than pornography. And trust, readers: We at Skywald are not trying to ignore the fact that this is a permissive society. We do not deny that any longer is it taboo to discuss sex in communication media. We merely argue sanity. One panel of sex may be important to a story. Indeed, some yarns (as the lead story in PSYCHO #5) cannot be told without sex. To portray sex in obviously explicit "entertainment" nauseating rather than entertaining the reader; not only does this mock subtle emotions for which sex is intended, it turns your comic book into a showcase for pornography. Particularly annoying is the fact that underground comics don't admit to being pure smut. One can't even respect them for any degree of honesty.

Yet, what really bothers me about our letter writer is not the fact that he likes underground comics. There are, after all, people with no conception of what constitutes decency. What disturbs me is that this person equates all that is sterile with the produce of Mr. Walt Disney, a widely admired and beloved film artist. Is the fact that Disney's "Sleeping Beauty" contains no on-screen sex a reason to knock that graceful and stunning motion picture? No. It was not necessary to present sex in the film. It's simple as that. Face it, underground writer: Most people like their sex not on the screen, not on the stage, not in magazines, but between each other. A private affair. But of course, where there are the tasteful and delicate "Love Stories," there are bound to be the crass and uneducated skinkflicks. You, underground comics, are the latter. Or the gutter. Take your pick.

In case you missed it, NIGHTMARE #5 had an interview with artist Jeff Jones who discussed his work and told thoughts on comics and fantasy. Next issue the Psycho-Analyst will interview an interesting personality in the horror field. . . so be with us when we put him on the firing line in PSYCHO No. 7.

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THE HEAP

IN DARK VICTORY!

THERE'S AN OLD SAYING THAT GOES: "BE SURE YOU
REALLY WANT WHAT YOU FERVENTLY DESIRE...
BECAUSE YOU ARE VERY LIKELY TO GET IT!"

MY HANDS...
WHAT IS
HAPPENING TO
MY HANDS?

LOOK!!
HE IS
CHANGING!

AJEEE!

WHAT
SHOULD
WE DO?

DESTROY!!
DESTROY!!

IT WAS HAPPENING! WHAT THE HEAP HAD FEVERISHLY DREAMT AND YEARNED FOR WAS COMING TO PASS. THE THING THAT WAS ONCE JIM ROBERTS WAS TURNING HUMAN AGAIN. BUT WHY NOW? WHY HERE IN THIS ABDONED MINE SHAFT CONFRONTED BY THINGS THAT ONCE WERE MEN? ROUSTABOUTS...THIEVES...MURDERERS...BUT HUMAN ONCE...AND NOW CHANGING INTO GOD KNOWS WHAT. BY THE WATER THEY DRINK FROM THE POOL IN THE EERIE PHOSPHORESCENT CAVERNS BELOW, FACED BY CREATURES BENT UPON HIS DESTRUCTION AND THE TWO CONFUSED LAWMAN HE IMPULSIVELY CHOSE TO PROTECT. THIS WAS THE MOMENT TO MUSTER ALL THE STRENGTH THE HEAP POSSESSED...BUT HE WAS CHANGING...

PROF. ELLIOT'S ANTIDOTE IS WORKING! MY HANDS ARE TURNING NORMAL!

IF I BECOME HUMAN THEY WON'T FEAR ME--AND THEY'LL ATTACK!

AND JIM ROBERTS WILL TASTE HUMANITY JUST LONG ENOUGH TO BE TORN APART BY THAT PACK OF ANGRY MUTANTS!

HE HESITATES...HE IS BACKING UP!! HE IS AFRAID OF US!

NOW IS THE TIME TO ATTACK...WHILE HE IS CONFUSED!

MY STRENGTH IS GOING FAST...I WON'T BE ABLE TO HANDLE THEM!!

GO— MCKLUSKY! RUN LIKE YOU'VE NEVER RUN BEFORE!

THIS MAY BE OUR LAST CHANCE TO GET OUT OF HERE ALIVE!! LET'S MAKE IT GOOD!!

AAGH!

MCKLUSKY— IN FRONT OF YOU... THAT WEB!! LOOK OUT!!

THEY'RE GAINING ON— HUN?

SHERIFF— QUICK... GET ME OUT OF HERE... IT'S COMING FOR ME... DO SOMETHING... SHERIFF!!



DONALDSON—
HELP M... YAAAAA—

AND IN THE MIDST OF THE HORRENDOUS DERACLE THE CHANGE FROM HEAP TO JIM ROBERTS COMES FASTER, FASTER WITH EACH SUCCEEDING MOMENT...



I JUST CAN'T BELIEVE IT!



ONE...
TWO...
THREE...
NOW!!

UNHEARD BY HUMAN EARS THE SPIDER'S SHRIEK OF PAIN NEVER REVERBERATES ON THE LEVEL OF THE ULTRASONIC...

...QUIVERING IN ITS DEATH THROES, THE WEAPELD HULK OF THE MONSTROUS SPIDER THRASHES MADLY ABOUT DISLOCATING THE ALREADY UNSTABLE CEILING...

RRRRUMBLE

TINY WHISPERS OF CRACKS WIDEN INTO GASHES AND SUDDENLY A TORRENT OF ROCKS AND RUBBLE TUMBLE DOWN UPON THE NIGHTMARISH SCENE BELOW...



SILENCE REIGNS...THE ONLY AUDIBLE SOUND TO BE HEARD IS THE OCCASIONAL ADAMANT THAT ESCAPES THE LIPS OF SHERIFF DONALDSON...AND THEN...

NO--
NO!
STAY AWAY FROM ME--
STAY--
EASY, SHERIFF, IT'S ONLY ME...THE MAN WHO HELPED YOU KILL THE SPIDER! I ONLY WANT TO HELP! YOUR HEAD IS BLEEDING!

I'LL NEED A PIECE OF YOUR SHIRT!

I DON'T KNOW IF ALL OF THOSE CAVERN DWELLERS WERE KILLED OR NOT--BUT THIS PASSAGEWAY HAS BEEN SEALED...AT THIS END ANYWAY! WE'VE GOT TO FIND ANOTHER WAY OUT!

WHY DON'T YOU JUST LEAVE ME HERE? I...I CAN'T SEE...AT LEAST FOR NOW! I'D NEVER FIND MY WAY OUT. THE KNOWLEDGE OF YOUR SECRET WOULD DIE HERE WITH ME!

I'M NOT GOING TO LET YOU DIE ANYWHERE REGARDLESS OF WHAT YOU MAY THINK--I'M NO MURDERER!

IT GIVES THE CREEPS TO PUT ON POOR AFKLUISKY'S PANTS--BUT I CAN'T GO RUINING AROUND IN JUST MY SKIN!!





THE LIGHT IN MONTY ELLIOTT'S STUDY IS ON! GOOD! LESS LIKELY TO DISTURB LAURIE IN CASE SHE'S ASLEEP!

1 TAP
1 TAP
1 TAP

?!?
CAN I BE
IMAGINING
THINGS? IT
IS IT?

JIMM! IT'S YOU!!
I CAN'T BELIEVE
MY EYES! SO THE
FORMULA I INNOCU-
LATED YOU WITH
FINALLY TOOK
EFFECT!

HOLD ON, DOC!
THAT'LL HAVE TO
WAIT! THERE'S TOO
MUCH TO TELL!

WHAT I NEED
IS A GOOD HOT
SHOWER AND
SOMETHING TO
EAT FIRST...

I'M STARVING!
AND I STILL
CAN'T BELIEVE
THIS
MIRACLE!

...BUT THE MOST
FRIGHTENING ASPECTS
OF THE WHOLE EPISODE ARE
THE POOR DEVILS WHO WERE
LIVING IN THE CAVERNS AND
THE WATER THAT WAS CHANG-
ING THEM INTO GIGANTIC
KNOBS! WHAT?

THEN--MY THEORY
ABOUT THOSE ARMY
CANNISTERS CONTAINING
BIOLOGICAL WEAPONS BURIED
IN BEDROCK, SPRINKLING LEAKS,
FILTERING THROUGH FLAMES IN
THE ROCK AND CONTAMINATING
UNDERGROUND WELLS AND
SPRINGS IS NOT JUST A HALF-
BAKED THEORY BUT A MIND-
BENDING ACTUALITY!

AN HOUR
AND ONE
LONG
SHOWER
LATER....

FROM WHAT
YOU SAY--THOSE
PEOPLE THAT PICKED
UP SHERIFF RONALDSON MUST
HAVE GOTTEN HIM TO THE
HOSPITAL BY NOW!

WE'LL NEED HIS CORROBORATION
FOR THE AUTHORITIES TO BELIEVE A
FAR-OUT STORY LIKE THIS!

HE'S THERE, ALL
RIGHT! I'M GOING
RIGHT DOWN AND
GET HIS CONFIRMA-
TION OF THE STORY!

GOT TO GET THINGS
MOVING RIGHT AWAY!
THIS SITUATION IS TOO
DANGEROUS TO WASTE
A SINGLE MOMENT!

WHAT'S ALL
THE COMMOTION
ABOUT, DAD? I
COULDN'T HELP
HEARING THE VOIC

JIMM! JIM
ROBERTSON! BUT
YOU'RE SUPPOSED
TO BE

--FAR
FROM DEAD,
LAURIE!

HE'LL FILL
YOU IN...

I'VE GOT TO
RUN... BE
BACK LATER!



HORROR STRICKEN BY THE LOOK IN LAURIE'S EYES THE HEAPS SOLE THOUGHT IS TO FLEE FROM SIGHT AS SHE SINKS TO THE FLOOR IN NERVE-NUMBED SHOCK...



CRASH

THE SEVENTH VOYAGE OF SINBAD



Text by
Jeff Rovin

Photos by
Allan Asherman

Ray Harryhausen: creator of special effects, in the realm of visual acrobatics, there is none better.

Ray fashions monsters for fantasy and science fiction films. He brings them to life through a process known as animation. What appear to be giant beasts on screen are, in reality, models no more than two feet tall. Built with bell and socket skeletons, these figures are moveable and hold any position into which they are placed. Ray photographs these stop motion creatures one frame of film at a time (a frame being each individual picture on a strip of film), moving the jointed models a fraction of an inch between frames. When these separately photographed images are projected on a screen one after another, the filmed figurines appear alive. This is the principle upon which all movies work: Mr. Harryhausen uses the idea to bring amazing creatures of fantasy to life before our startled eyes. And to be sure, this reviewer has oft sat in awe of this man's skill. A well done Harryhausen special effects sequence is to film, what a Roman Gabriel touchdown bomb is to football; both must be seen to be believed.



One of Bladon's finest moments:
Simeon vs Sekurash's skeletal demon.

"Get the point, Dragon?" A giant arrow ends the loathsome lizard's life.





Rag Harryhausen's starch captures
Sinbad's killing of the baby Roc.

The baby Roc on screen.





Wrath of the Roc: Sinbad's men pay with their lives for having eaten the monster's egg.

On these pages are scenes from Henryhause's first animated film in color, "The Seventh Voyage of Sinbad." This film, with some of the most astounding special effects in cinema history, pits an Arabian knight against Sokurah, an evil magician; two man-eating cyclopes, a fire-breathing dragon, an enormous bird called the roc, and a living human skeleton. Showcasing these creatures is a plot that, while not the caliber of a "Ben-Hur," serves substantial purpose: it insults no one's intelligence, provides a framework for Henryhause's effects, and all the while keeps sight of its main character, Sinbad.

Kerwin Mathews—the swashbuckling sailor—not as flashy a hero as Prince Charming in Walt Disney's "Sleeping Beauty." Yet, the cinema Sinbad succeeds, Mathews' portrayal is bold

jour hero's brutal life style calls more for a strong sword arm than Einstein-brains; his horoscope sword does most of Sinbad's talking. And Tonin Thatcher's Sokurah, the fiery and cunning sorcerer's sorcerer, is a perfect foil for the "aw shucks" personality and sword swinging bravado of Bagdad's maritime Hercules. Simple fun and fantasy, an exciting unpretentious adventure film. This is the real "Seventh Voyage of Sinbad."

But what of the real Sinbad and his seventh voyage? Did ever there exist a sailor that men called "Sinbad?"

Of course, my friends, Sinbad's seven voyages were fantasy myths. But Sinbad was not! He was as real to the Arabian people as is "All in the Family" to millions of contemporary Americans. And his story, inconsiderate of time and place, is very real for all people.





Ray Harryhausen's original pre-production sketch
of the "7th Voyage of Sinbad" Dragon.

Sinbad (actor Kerwin Mathews) takes a stab at downing the awesome Cyclops.

Our hero had squandered a fortune left him by his parents. Down to his last few sequins, Sinbad joined a merchant ship, this to keep from starving. Many years Sinbad suffered the dangers of cyclopes, mohair snakes, rocks and devils, and once more Sinbad came to own vast sum of money. But this fortune, earned in the face of monstrous danger, taught Sinbad to appreciate monetary gain: this fortune he had earned with his own two hands! And so, after seven bold and adventurous voyages, Sinbad abandoned the sea in order to teach others the valuable lessons of responsibility he had learned.





Guardian of Sinbad's crew, the magnificent fire-breathing Dragon.



This pensive side of Sinbad's character was ignored by Harryhausen's motion picture. Sinbad's adult introspection, one must suppose, was considered by the producers too deep a sense to be understood by young audiences. Nonetheless, "Seventh Voyage of Sinbad" is one of the finest fantasy films ever made, and its appeal, when reduced to the lowest possible denominator, lies in the exotic world of Sinbad with its monsters and genies galore. And the credit for the success of this world goes to Ray Harryhausen.



TRY
THEM,
YOU'LL
LIKE
THEM!

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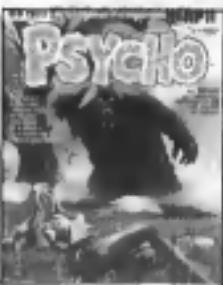


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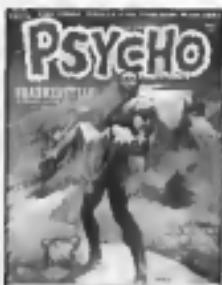
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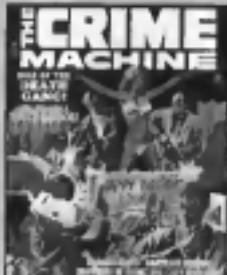


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TOTAL AMT.

Of a sudden IS THY DEATH!



CHARLES
SCHWAB

THE KNOWLEDGE OF DEATH CUTS THROUGH HER SOUL WITH HORRID REALITY!

ARE DEAD
ARE DEAD

WHY...
WHAT'S
HAPPENING
TO ME?
OH, MY LORD
OH!

A MICROSECOND... AN ETERNITY... MARGO'S JOURNEY HAS ENDED AND... SOMETHING WAITS!

MARGO CASE!... COME! MARGO CASE... COME!

WHO IS IT... WHO? OH!

THIS IS
A HORRIBLE
MISTAKE!
I DON'T BELONG
HERE! I
HAVEN'T
DIED!

PLEASE
SOMEONE
HELP ME

THERE ARE GUIDES...
BEYOND THE PORTALS OF LIFE,
GUIDES TO LEAD THE SOULS
OF THE DEPARTED
TO THEIR ETERNAL STATIONS!

BUT I HAVE NO
RECOLLECTION
OF DYING!

A MENTAL BLOCK
AGAINST THE TIME
OF DEATH OFTEN
ACCOMPANIES THE
SHOCK OF LEAVING
THE MORTAL BODY!
YOU WILL REMEMBER...
YOU BELONG, MARGO CASE!

MARGO CASE!
YOUR DESTINY
AWAITS... YOU
WILL FOLLOW WHERE
I LEAD!

OH!
OH PLEASE!
THIS IS
WRONG!!
I JUST
KNOW IT...
SOB.. IM NOT DEAD!

COME CLEAR, IT IS
TIME!

PLEASE!
YOU MUST LISTEN
TO ME! THIS
IS A MISTAKE! I
DON'T BELONG HERE!
I AM NOT ONE OF YOU!
I BELONG
AMONG THE LIVING!

CAN'T
YOU SEE
THAT I
DON'T BELONG
HERE?

YOU ARE
CORRECT... MARGO
CASE... AS YOUR
MEMORY CLEARS, YOU
WILL BE RETURNED...
TO THE TEMPORAL
WORLD!!

AS YOUR
MEMORY CLEARS
YOU WILL RECALL
THAT INDEED
YOU HAVE DIED!
AT THE HANDS
OF A RAVENOUS
VAMPIRE!

YOU WILL REMEMBER—
AND YOU WILL UNDER-
STAND — THE VAMPIRE'S
CURE IS TRANSMITTED TO
ITS VICTIM!

OH
OO
OO
EEE
EEE
EEE

THE END
YES, MARGO CASE...
YOU DO BELONG AMONG THE LIVING!

PROLOGUE: LILITH, A BEAUTIFUL BLIND BEER OF THE PAST AND FUTURE IS TRAPPED IN THE SEWERS OF PARIS. TRAPPED AT A DEAD END FACING THE HIDEOUS MUTANT SQUID, LE SQUID... TRAPPED WITH HER ONLY ALLY, THE MONSTER, NAMED FOR HIS CREATOR...

FRANKENSTEIN!

I THANK THE GODS
I AM SIGHTLESS!

THE MONSTER
THAT SLITHERS CLOSER WITH
EACH PASSING
SECOND IS
TOO GREAT
TO BEHOLD!

MY MENTAL POWERS
ARE EXHAUSTED!
WE HAVE NO DEFENSE
AGAINST LE SQUID'S
TELEPATHIC
CONTROL!

I CAN HARDLY
STAND... MUST
DO SOMETHING
BEFORE THAT
FILTHY FIEND
IMPRISON'S
LILITH IN THIS
SEWER!

SPLLOP

SLOSH.. SPLASH..

ATTACK! THE FRANKENSTEIN
MONSTER IS HELPLESS! HIS
STRENGTH IS NO MATCH FOR
THE LORD OF DARKNESS!

THEY WILL SERVE
THE GREATER
GLORY OF
LE SQUID!

YOU WILL NEVER
ENLIST ME IN YOUR
ARMY OF MIND
SLAVES! DESTROY
ME IF YOU CAN!

THE **PHANTOM** OF THE **OPERA**

SUDDENLY THE MASK BEHIND OUR HARASSED HERO COLLAPSES INWARD...

"STAY! WE DARE GO NO FURTHER.
THERE IS A POWER WITHIN
GREATER EVER THAN MINE."

THERE PASSES A PERIOD
OF TIMELESSNESS, A
DREAM FRAGMENT...
MEMORY OF A SWEET
LONG AGO WHEN MONSTER
WAS MAN, THEN A HISsing
VOICE, LIKE THE WIND
RUSTLING DRY REEDS...

"AWAKEN! YOU SHALL
RISE ABOVE YOUR ADVERSITY!
YOUR GREAT STRENGTH WILL
RETURN AND YOU WILL
HAVE ME TO THANK
FOR WHATEVER LIFE
REMAINS TO YOU!"

"THANK YOU?
I CURSE
YOU!"

"WHY...
EALLING!
MUST
PROTECT
LILITH!"

YOU DESPAIR OF LIFE AS I ONCE
DID. WE HAVE A COMMON BOND
YOU AND I. I AM ERIC... THE
PHANTOM OF THE OPERA!

THE FACE BEHIND
THIS MASK WOULD MAKE
YOUR OWN APPEAR
HANDSOME BY
COMPARISON! HOW I
BECAME WHAT I AM IS
UNIMPORTANT NOW...
WHAT IS VITAL IS YOUR
TIMELY ARRIVAL!

"SO! AGAIN
WE ARE
PRISONERS!"

SERVING ONLY
YOUR OWN BLIND
LUST FOR
REVENGE, YOU
HAVE YET TO
DISCOVER THE
BEAUTY OF
YOUR SOUL!"

"ONCE MY
POWER RETURNED
I'LL SHATTER
THESE BARS
LIKE TWIGS."

BEAUTY
YOU ADORE
ME / YOU
DARE TO
MOCK ME /
WHAT DO
YOU KNOW
OF LIVING
NIGHTMARE?

"NO VOICE
IS SO
STRANGE...
SO TRAGIC!
PLEASE
NEAR HIM
OUT!"

NIGHTMARE?

IS THIS
NIGHTMARE
ENOUGH
FOR YOU?

YET
THIS
IS
NOTHING!

LOCKED BENEATH
THIS SCARRED AND
MUTILATED WRECK
OF A BODY LIES A
SOUL DEVOTED TO
BEAUTY!

THE SAME
SOUL THAT
COMPOSED
GREAT OPERAS...
WHOSE MUSIC
SOARED OUT
OVER THE WORLD
AND GLADDED
THE HEARTS
OF MILLIONS!

I AM AT WORK
ON MY GREATEST
OPERA, A WORK COSMIC
IN SCOPE - THE STRUGGLE
BETWEEN GOOD AND
EVIL THAT ENCOMPASSES
THE UNIVERSE!

AND THE
OUTCOME IS
NOT YET KNOWN
EVEN TO ME!

YOU WILL HELP
ME SUBDU THE
DARKNESS. YOU
WILL PROVIDE ME
WITH THINGS OF
BEAUTY TO
NOURISH MY SOUL.

CAN'T YOU SEE?
TO ASSURE THE
VICTORY OF WHAT
IS GOOD IN MAN, I
MUST FEED THAT
PART OF ME THAT
LOVES BEAUTY!

THE DARK SIDE
OF MY NATURE PERSISTS
IN TWISTING THE SCORE
SHADING MY MUSIC WITH
DARK BOMBER TONES
HINTING OF
TERRIBLE THINGS
TO COME!

GREAT WORKS
OF ART FROM
ALL OF TIME
DELIVERED BY
YOUR MIGHT AND
THE WONDER OF
THE ORGAN THAT
WARP THE
CENTURIES!

DEAR GOD!
WE ARE AT
THE MERCY
OF A
MANIAC!

I AM THAT RARE
MUSICIAN WITH A
SCIENTIFIC
INCLINATION. OVER
THE YEARS I'VE BUILT
INCREASINGLY MORE
POWERFUL AND
ELABORATE
ORGANS.

THIS IS THE
CULMINATION OF A
LIFETIME'S WORK... AN
ORGAN WHOSE MIGHTY
CHORDS REACTING WITH
THOSE GIANT TUNING
FORKS CAN DISTORT
THE VERY Warp AND
WEAVE OF TIME!

K-K-KREEEK!



THUS FAR
I'VE BEEN
SUCCESSFUL
TRANSMITTING
AND RECEIVING
INANIMATE
OBJECTS
THROUGH
TIME... BUT
THE HUMAN
SPECIMENS
HAVE FADED
RATHER
POORLY!

I'M ASSURED,
HOWEVER
THAT YOUR
PECULIAR
PHYSICAL
MAKEUP IS
IDEALLY
SUITED FOR
OUR TEMPORAL
TASK!



WITH ONE SLIGHT
MODIFICATION
OF COURSE! YOU
WILL EXCHANGE
PLACES WITH
DR. FRANKEN-
STEIN HERE!

G
G
R
O
R
R

WHILE WE
COMMANDERS
THAT ENGINE OF
DESTRUCTION
YOU CALL A
BODY THROUGH
TIME!

IT WILL OF COURSE BE NECESSARY
FOR YOU TO DIE AND BE REBORN
THE DETAILS OF WHICH THIS
TIME WILL NOT ESCAPE THE
GOOD DOCTOR! DETAILS
THAT I **MUST** KNOW!

NO! PLEASE
PRETENTIOUS!
DON'T MAKE ME
GO THROUGH
THAT!

SILENCE!
NOTHING MUST
OBSTRUCT THE
FINISHING OF
MY LAST GREAT
OPERA! LET
US BEGIN!



THIS TIME THE LIGHTNING WILL BE CONDUCTED DOWN TO THE MONSTER FROM THE ROOF OF THE OPERA HOUSE FAR ABOVE

I SHALL BRING THE BODY TO LIFE AGAIN WITH YOUR BRAIN COMMANDING IT. HENRY FRANKENSTEIN!

THE ORGAN IS COMPLETELY ENVELOPED FROM THE ELECTRICAL ENERGY YOU'LL BE USING. BRING IN THE MONSTER AND THE GIRL!

NO! PRETORIOUS, I HAD YOU!

COME NOW! ONCE YOU'VE HELPED ME ISOLATE THE LIFE-GIVING DETAILS I SHALL FIND A FINE YOUNG PERFECT BODY FOR...

YOU'D LIKE THAT WOULDN'T YOU HENRY?

TO BE HUMAN... TO BE WHOLE AGAIN? TO BE YOUNG AGAIN?

THE OPERATION MUST NOT HAPPEN AGAIN! BETTER I SHOULD BE COMPLETELY DESTROYED!

I SEE NOTHING BUT DARKEST EVIL HERE. WE ARE BOTH BEYOND HOPE!

THE LAST OF THE MONSTER'S GALVANIC ENERGY IS DRAINED! HE IS NOW INANIMATE.

NO! IT'S INNEMAN H-NNOGG!

AND OF COURSE, DOCTOR FRANKENSTEIN WILL REMAIN CONSCIOUS THROUGHOUT!

THE ELECTRICAL AND SURGICAL PROCEDURES WILL BE IDENTICAL WITH THE ORIGINAL OPERATION!

LILITH EXERCISES HER TELEPATHIC POWERS...

THOUGH YOUR BODY IS DEAD,
YOUR MIND CAN STILL
RECEIVE MY THOUGHTS.
YOU MUST BE ALERT
FOR THE SLIGHTEST
OPPORTUNITY TO FOIL
THIS GODFORSAKEN
PLAN!

I WILL NEVER
GIVE UP!

AS IF IN ACCORD WITH THE MONSTROUS
BUSINESS PROCEEDING BELOW, NATURE
RIPS THE NIGHT SKY WITH A VIOLENT
ELECTRICAL STORM...

BB BOOM!

RRRAAAK!

BEGINNING THE
TRANSPLANT!

MAKING INCISION
AT BASE OF
CRANIAL CAVITY...

LILITH
CONCENTRATES
MIGHTILY.
HER
PECULIAR
ABILITY
STRAINED
TO THE
UTMOST.



JUST ANOTHER
FEW
SECONDS!

EEEEEEEEE

IT'S THE
GIRL!
STOP HER!

SHE'S
TELEPORTING
FRANKENSTEIN'S
HEAD!

UNH! STOP
HER! KILL
HER! SHE'S
RUINING
EVERYTHING!



HE'S CONSUMED
ENOUGH GALVANIC
ENERGY TO FILL
A HERD OF
ELEPHANTS!

I'VE NEVER KNOWN
SUCH POWER
SURGING
THROUGH ME!

HE MUST BE
STOPPED!

MY SPIDER-GUARDS
ARE ELECTROCUTED
THE MOMENT THEY
TOUCH HIM!

-- I CAN
ALMOST
CONTROL
IT!

AAAARRGGH

HELP ME
MIGHTY ONE!
I CAN SENSE A
GREATER
DANGER YET
APPROACHING!
FREE ME!

TRULY, I
HAVE BEEN
DAMNED
AND THIS
IS - HELL!

RROOWWGGGG

GUARDS! STOP HIM! HE MUST NOT REACH THE TIME PLATFORM!

I CAN BARELY CONTROL THE ELECTRICAL ENERGY IN MY BODY. THANK HEAVENS LILITH ISN'T INJURED!

HE'S TOO STRONG! UNHOOH!

KRAA

MY HANDS ARE FREED!

WERE IT NOT FOR LILITH I'D STAY TO DESTROY ALL OF YOU!

HE'S BEUNDERED ONTO THE TIME PLATFORM! WHEN THE TUNING FORKS AT PAIN WARP FREQUENCY BOTH THE MONSTER AND THE GIRL WILL BE PROTECTED OUT OF THIS TIME! IT'S TOO LATE TO STOP IT!!!

...EXPLODE!

THE ENERGY BY THE MONSTER'S CONSUMED MAKES HIM A WALKING BOMB! THIS WHOLE PLACE WILL...

YOU FOOLS! THE MONSTER IS LOOSE IN ALL TIME!

SWEPT INTO THE VORTEX OF SWIRLING TIME PATHS, THE BEAUTY AND THE BEAST ARE STUNNED AND HELPLESS AS SURGING CURRENTS INEXORABLY SEPARATE THEM! S

**I'M LOSING YOU,
DRIFTING AWAY!
HELP ME, MIGHTY
ONE!**

**LILITH!
I CAN'T
REACH
YOU...**

HELP ME!

**HELP!
HELP!
HELP!
HELP!**

**POWERLESS
OUT OF CONTROL
WE'RE LOST IN
TIME! ANY HOPE
OF FINDING MY
PAST GONE! CAN
A BEING WITHOUT
ANY PAST HAVE A**

...FUTURE?

UGH!

**...GASA'S SOLID
GROUND UNDER
ME... I'M OUT
OF THE TIME
WARP, BUT
WHERE...**

HELP!

**WHERE INDEED! BE HERE WHEN THE
INCREDIBLE CLASSIC OF THE
FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER = CONTINUED!**



PAINTED UPON A CANVAS OF
SAND AND SMOKE, THREE MEN
FACE GRIM CONDITIONS...
COUPLED WITH THE MASSIVE
LINK OF AN EVEN GRIMMER
FUTURE.





A SPLIT SECOND LATER...

SO
HELP ME...
I'LL KILL
YA!!

OOOOOMMPPH

HEY!! NONE OF
US ARE GOIN' TO
MAKE IT IF WE
START KILLIN' EACH
OTHER!!

WHEN THE DAY BEGINS TO FALL
BEFORE THE NIGHT...

...AND WHEN THE BRILLIANT GOLDEN
ORB HAD SETTLED BEYOND THE
MOUNTAINS FAR TO THE WEST...

THERE,
TONY...
ARE YOU
HAPPY
NOW?

GULP
GULP
GULPS

EASY ON THE
WATER!! IT'S
GOTTA LAST!!

WHY DON'T YOU
BOYS SACK OUT
FOR AWHILE...

...I'LL WAKE
YOU IN AN HOUR.
WE'RE GONNA TAKE
ADVANTAGE OF THIS
COOL NIGHT AIR!!

SOON...

BENNY...
WAKE UP...
BENNY...

SHOULD
HAVE LET
BENNY KILL
EM!! THREE
OF US WILL
NEVER
MAKE IT!!

HUH.??!



SHHHH...
WE DON'T
WANT TO WAKE
HIM... YET!



SOMEWHERE, A LONELY COYOTE, PERCHED ON A DISTANT AND UNSEEN MOUNTAIN, HOWLS HIS LOVE SONG TO A RISING MOON... WHILE, ON THE FLOOR OF GRAND, THE GUTTURAL SON OF DEATH RATTLES AND KNEELS WITHIN THE VALLEY OF LIFE...BETWEEN FINITE MORTAL EXISTENCE AND ETERNITY!

AAARRGGHHH! ; CHOKED
AAARRGGHH! ; CHOKED

SECONDS LATER...



AS SCARLET FLUID PUSHED FROTHY CRIMSON FOAM TO THE NECK OF THAT HELLISH TANKARD...



HOURS GAVE WAY TO DAYS, AS THE DAWN FOLLOWED THE NIGHT IN CONTINUOUS CYCLES.





**LUST, BORN OF THIRST, SPEEPS
ADRENALIN THROUGH THE
PRIMAL SYSTEM... RAISING
LAGGARD MUSCLES IN
PHOENIX-LIKE FASHION,
TO STRENGTH!**





A LONE SAGUARO...A MINUTE OASIS AMIDST THE VAST SEAS OF SAND...A REPRIEVE FROM ACID DEATH...A LITTLE PATCH OF HEAVEN ON THE PARCHED FLOOR OF HELL!!





YOU'RE...
YOU'RE...
A...

YES, BUT DO NOT BOTHER
YOURSELF WITH THAT WULSR
TERM, WITH WHICH THOSE OF MY
BREED HAVE BEEN BRANDED; MERELY
LET US SAY, THAT THE TASTES I
HAVE ACQUIRED ARE SOMEWHAT
UNIQUE IN THE REALM OF
THE NORM.

WHY DO YOU
THINK WE KILLED
YOUR COMPANION?
BECAUSE I WAS
RAVAGED WITH
THIRST! I HAVE KEPT
YOU ALIVE FOR GOOD
REASON! YOU ARE,
IN A MANNER OF
SPEAKING MY
HUMAN
CANTEEN!!

BUT, IT
IS OF LITTLE
CONSEQUENCE
THAT YOU HAVE
A KNOWLEDGE OF
MY SECRET...

...FOR EVEN
WITH YOUR MORTAL
VISION, YOU CAN SEE
THE CANTEEN IS...
EMPTY!!

HA HA HAHA
AN ATTEMPT
AT SAVING
YOURSELF!
HA, HA, HA
HAHA!!

HA HA HAHA



HA HA HA
HA HA HA
EEEEE EEEEEE!!

NO EYES WITNESS THE TABLEAU OF BLOOD-STAINED
MIRROR SAVE THE GLARING OMNIPRESENT SUN, AND BLACK-
WINGED DOTS CIRCLING HIGH IN THE CLOUDLESS SKY:
WITH LUST SPENT, THE MIND TOYS WITH OTHER PROBLEMS...

STILL ANOTHER
SEVENTY-FIVE MILES
TO THE NEAREST
SETTLEMENT
ON THE
MAP...

GOT TO MOVE
FAST, AND KEEP
MOVIN'!!



BEFORE TOO MANY HOURS PASS...

ONLY BEEN
A COUPLE OF
HOURS, AND
ALREADY THE
PARCHNESS
RETURNS!



YOU WON'T
GET ME, YOU
LOUSY
BUZZARDS!

HAVE TO
WAIT FOR A
DRINK...GOT
TO MAKE IT
LAST!!

CAN'T STAND
IT...MUST
DRINK!!

NO!! WHEN THE
SUN SETS...THEN
HAVE A DRINK!!

JUST DRINK ENOUGH TO
KEEP MY TONGUE FROM
STICKIN' TO THE ROOF OF MY
MOUTH...THAT'S ALL!!



MAYBE ONE LITTLE SIP?
SURE, THERE'S PLENTY LEFT...
JUST ENOUGH TO WET YOUR
MOUTH A LITTLE YEAH, JUST
A LITTLE ONE!



WITH THE RAGING OF THE AFTERNOON SUN, THE INFERNO KEEPS TO ITS
FEVER PITCH...YOU RESIST THE WILD, TORMENTED CRIES OF YOUR
ROUSH, PARCHED THROAT...RESIST, UNTIL ALL FRAGMENTS OF WILLE AND
SELF-CONTROL ARE LOST TO THE FEELABLE MURMURS OF THE GENTLE WIND!!



THE NIGHT PASSES WITHOUT RELIEF... THE DAWN BREAKS WITHOUT RESPITE... A MAN AWAKES... WITHOUT HOPE!!





~~WEAKENED WITH THE HANDICAP OF FATIGUE AND MALNUTRITION, IT IS
DIFFICULT...AND IMPOSSIBLE...TO MANEUVER UPON THE PATCHWORK
OF STONE!~~

OWWWWW!!
@T!#&Z!!
STONES! DAMN
NEAR BROKE
MY...

WHAT PLACE
IS THIS??!!
WHAT HAVE I
WALKED INTO?
I'VE BEEN
BLIND...
BLIND...
BLI...

MUH??

MEN SPEAK IN HUSHED WHISPERS BEHIND HOARY
COK, BRASS-STRAPPED AND BONDED FOR **ETERNITY**...
OR, IS IT AGAIN, THAT FLEETING, SENSUAL WIND...
MURMURING WITH HER TORRID BREATH???

CRACK
SSSHHRR

WHAT TOOK
YA'S LONG,
FLY BOY??

YEAH, WE
SEEN WAITIN'
FOR YA!

NOOO!!
YOU'RE BOTH DEAD...
I KILLED YOU!!

H-HALLUCINATIONS...
BEEN IN THE SUN
TOO LONG!!

NO... IT'S NOT THE TEPID LIMBS OF A VOLUPTUOUS
BREEZE THAT HELP YOU FIRM, IN HER EMBRACE... RATHER,
THE FRIED, CLAMMY FINGERS OF **DEATH**!!

YEAH, WE ARE
DEAD! ALL
OF US!

H-NOOO!!
I'M ALIVE! FEEL
ME... SOLID!

LET GO OF ME!
WHERE ARE YOU
TAKIN' ME? STOP...
I'M ALIVE!!



IN THE FAR REACHES OF THE WORLD... IN THE UNIVERSITIES... THE JUNGLES... THE ASPHALT-CARPETED STREETS, MEN SPEAK OF DEATH... RAISING QUESTIONS, THAT EVEN TO THE ANCIENTS, WERE ABSURDLY SUGGESTING, EVER SOUSING, WONDERING, EVER WONDERING, REASONING, EVER REASONING! AS IF THERE MORTAL COMPREHENSION COULD COMPROMISE THE LAWS! THEY CAST HIDDEN AUTHORITY TO A HARBINGER MOON... HOPING KNOWLEDGE WILL FIND THEM... WITHOUT EXPERIENCE!!

Fin

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THE VOW



MIDNIGHT SLASHER



SLEEP



THE HEAP



VOYAGE OF SINBAD



OF A SUDDEN



FRANKENSTEIN



SAND CASTLE

Remarks:

FUTURE SHOCKS:

**A WORLD OF THRILLS AND FEAR AWAITS
YOU IN THE NEXT FRIGHT-FILLED ISSUE OF...**

NIGHTMARE

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